K Nugent (R. C.) Earl Nugent
11630.e.9
7

VERSES

ADDRESSED

TO THE ———.

WITH A

NEW YEAR's GIFT

OF

IRISH POTATOES.

BY LORD KNOWS WHO.

IN IMITATION OF A LATE POEM.

CLARIOR *e tenebris.*

LONDON:

Printed for J. ALMON, oppoſite Burlington Houſe, in Piccadilly.

MDCCLXXV.

[Price One Shilling.]

LONDON:

TO

THE ——————.

" CLARA micante auro ——————"
" Materiem ſuperabat opus, nam Mulciber illic."
OVID.

COULD a poor HIBERNIAN dare
To emulate the generous CL——,
Of ſhining pewter pure and clean,
He'd make a preſent to the Q——:

IMITATION.

VER. 4. Could poor Ierne gifts afford,
Worthy the conſort of her lord,
Of pureſt gold a ſculptur'd frame,
Juſt emblem of her zeal ſhould flame.
Vide Lord Clare's verſes to the Queen, with a new year's gift of Iriſh manufacture.

On

On it a new invented work,
A charming etching, with a fork,
In curious ſtile, and matchleſs goût,
All Herculaneum ſhould out-do;
And as for touches, ſtrokes, and air,
Put Cipriani in deſpair.
There ſhould the royal C——TE trace
His majeſty king G——'s face,
In ſuch nice ſtrokes as ſhew it is
The mind illuminates the phyz.
While HE ſhould ſhake his ſides to ſee
The likeneſs of her M——TY;

IMITATION.

VER. 11. There ſhould royal Charlotte trace,
Her Brunſwick, in majeſtic grace,
With looks beneficently kind,
The face illum'd by the mind.

IBID

Juſt

And both behold their tiny moppets,
(Like the Fantoccini puppets,)
Culling heaps of pretty poſies,
To ſalute their R——L noſes;
Juſt ſuch poſies as they carried,
To refreſh them when they married;
And ſuch whoſe freſh and roſy hue,
Recall the G——N bride to view.
But ſomething more our ſkill to try on,
As mild as dove, as bold as lion,
Our K— ſhould ſtand—as thus—a ſprig
Of bays ſhould dignify his wig;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 17. And both behold their infant train,
Cull flowrets on the pictur'd plain.
IBID.

VER. 21. Such was the wreath, when Hymen led
Our Monarch to his nuptial bed.
IBID.

While olive branches ſtuck behind,
To enemies ſhould prove him kind;
Tho', if one cheſt of tea is toſt on
The waves, he's ſure to ruin B——n.

To prove the point, in the back ground,
(That ſo the diſtance might be found,)
A cloud of ſtinking ſmoke ſhould riſe,
(A tar and feather ſacrifice,)
Such as, in ſummer time is ſeen,
From burning weeds upon the green,

IMITATION.

Ver. 32. Far diſtant o'er the foaming main,
And diſtant may it e'er remain!
A gathering cloud ſhould blot the ſkies,
And miſts in noxious vapour riſe.
Such as in ſummer's ſolſtice, &c.

Ibid.

Which

Which ſome old woman's purblind eyes,
Impute to dread incendiaries,
For ſpectacles ſhe will not take,
To ſee her palpable miſtake,
And, juſt as wiſely we lay ſtreſs
On the American Congreſs.

But, cloſe behind, the ſun ſhould riſe,
By way of clearing up the ſkies;
And heavenly D—TM—TH ſhould preſent
A recipe for ſure content;

NOTE.

VER. 39. Lord Boreas.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 41. No faithful mark, no guide ſecure,
To trace the palpable obſcure.
IBID.

VER. 45. But cloſe behind returning day, &c.
IBID.

Like

Like naughty boys, with ſtreaming eyes,
Should introduce the Colonies,
To promiſe, all their ſquabble ends,
If dear mama will kiſs and friends;
Then how ſhould induſtry abound;
With not a beggar to be found;
E'en ſharpers ſhould grow honeſt then,
And none be rogues but F—ld—ng's men;
And Love, that little ſmiling boy,
Give us a belly full of joy.

And oh! while miracles take place,
May not poor Ireland hope for grace?
No more, to view Heaven's gifts in vain,
Let her have leave "to plough the main;"
Becauſe her land's ſo very poor,
To plough on that ſhe can't endure;

Exports of beef, good Q——n condemn ;
Leave Iriſh bulls for Iriſh men
That ſo WE may not ſtill complain,
WE are the only beaſts remain ;
But chief forbid to croſs the ſeas,
Our ſheep——thoſe worſt of abſentees.
For them we make a double ſtruggle,
Mutton to eat, and wool to ſmuggle ;
Tho', (by the way) my mind it racks,
That Iriſh wool cloaths Frenchmen's backs ;
But Frenchmen, like ill-natur'd fellows,
Will never ceaſe to underſell us ;
Thence, to avenge ſuch treatment foul,
We all ſet up " the Iriſh howl."

IMITATION.

VER. 66. For other hinds our oxen bleed, &c.

IBID.

The godlike weavers catch the ſound,
And raging white boys ſpread around:
Hanging enſues! that unkind way
To terminate an Iriſh fray.
Theirs be the blame, who are the cauſe,
By making thoſe ſtrange things call'd laws,
That give the weaver's fancy ſcope,
In manufacturing——a rope.

Laws are the cruel obſtacles, my dear,
Good Lady, to our Iriſh chear,
For what, though all along our ſhore,
The winds are too polite to roar,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 79. While all aghaſt the weaver ſtands, &c.
Ibid.

Ver. 90. Hence ports ſecure from every wind.
Ibid.

Though

Though they blow an invitation
To the ſhips of ev'ry nation,
The merchants firſt muſt pay their court,
By touching at a Britiſh port:
A form of law that's very troubling
To the veſſels bound for Dublin!
Thus Britain has the upper hand,
Though why I cannot underſtand,
Unleſs to ſhew us, 'gainſt our will,
That ſhe's our elder ſiſter ſtill.
And, yet ſhall theſe POTATOES prove,
Emblems of Hibernian love:
Emblems though poor, yet as I live,
They're all I can afford to give.

IMITATION.

VER. 100. Thus Britain works a ſiſter's woe.
IBID.

Then,

Then ſcruple not to eat your fill,
As they are tokens of good will:
So, though your M——y diſplay
Your glittering jewels at the play,
You'd

IMITATION.

Ver. 107. When on thy robe with mingled rays,
The ruby and the diamond blaze;
Unmindful of Golconda's prize,
Thou mark'ſt our rapture-ſparkling eyes;
Faintly her gems their luſtre prove,
Loſt in the flame of Britain's love.
And when the ruſtic chorus ſing,
In artleſs notes, God ſave the king;
Although with unmelodious prayer,
In ſtrains like mine they rend the air;
Thy raviſh'd ears forget the lyre,
E'en while thy hands the ſtring inſpire:
Such notes, when grateful crowds rejoice,
Hymn ſweeter than a ſeraph's voice;
And ſuch along the ſwarming ſhore,
Loud echo'd to the cannon's roar;
While Britain's glory ſhone diſplay'd,
In all the pride of pomp array'd;

Where

You'd rather ſee one Engliſh grin,
Than view your fineſt diamond pin;
Becauſe, the ogles of John Trot
Can make your diamonds quite forgot:
And, if St. Margaret's ſteeple ring,
In broken notes, "GOD SAVE THE KING;"
Although the bells as badly chime,
As even I myſelf can rhyme,
You'd rather liſt to them, than play
At your own harpſichord all day;
Becauſe whatever makes a noiſe,
May ſeem at leaſt like public joys;
So when the K— to Portſmouth flew,
To give the navy a review,

IMITATION.

Where ſovereign of the briny flood,
Her guardian Genius ſmiling ſtood.

IBID.

Soon as the guns began to fire,
(A compliment great folks admire,)
The Genius ſmil'd, and vow'd before,
He ne'er had felt ſuch joys on ſhore.

FINIS.

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